

THE
Gottenburgh Frolick:
OR, THE
SWEDISH INVASION
BURLESQU'D.

WHEREIN

The several Conjectures of Men of
Different PARTIES and PERSUASIONS,
concerning that pretended Expedition, are
set forth in very merry Metre.



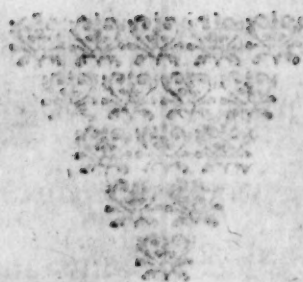
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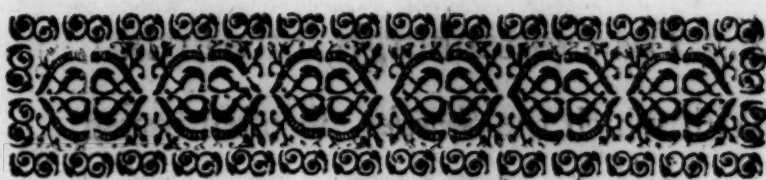
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OF THE
SWEDESBY INVASION
BUREAU

W. E. B. DUBOIS
The several Congresses of Men of
Different PARTIES and ASSOCIATIONS
concerning their position and
for both in very many places.



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THE
Gottenburgh Frolick :
OR, THE
Swedish Invasion Burlesqu'd.

USE, if thou can'st, awhile assist
M And laugh with me till thou'rt be-
(pifs'd,
To see the diff'rent Schemes are hit on
To ward off Blows design'd at *Britain* ;
And hear the several Conjectures,
Of Cowards, Sinners, Saints and Hectors ;
Of all Degrees, and each Persuasion,
About this Comical Invasion,

4 *The Gottenburgh Frolick:*

With which the *Swedes*, so often beaten,
A Nation fraught with Conq'rors, threaten,
Who spight of Armaments would save us,
Tho' headed by their fam'd *Gustavus*,
Who made the very Emp'ror shake,
And half the World to lie at Stake,
Till Death more powerful than Steel,
Put Spokes into his Chariot Wheel.

Fools as we are, to think Don *Carlo*
Would give his Troops so long a Furlow,
As to embark them from good Quarters,
On purpose to be catching Tartars.
No, no, that Prince of too much Sense is,
Than to send off what his Defence is;
And part with Forces in Distress,
Forgetful of his Brother *Hesse*,

And

Or, *The Swedish INVASION.* 5

And his good Sister, fair *Ulrica*,
Said to be *Sweden's* best *Amica* :
Should that be once, we soon should block 'em
Up in their Capital of *Stockholm*,
And without fail should fling a Bone in
For them to pick in Isle of *Schonen*,
Where they must give o're all for lost,
Now *Steinbock* has giv'n up the Ghost ;
Tho' 'tis allow'd, Prince *Hesse* most arch is
At Marches and at Counter-marches.

Yet, crys *John Calvin's* Boanerges,
This, a Design of Romish Clergy's ;
The Pope's i'th' Bottom of't, that's certain,
And *Peter* aims at *John* and *Martin*,
To set aside the Reformation,
Or I'll renounce Predestination :

For

6 *The Gottenburgh Frolick:*

For judge you, Brethren, if Dissenters
Are not hence threaten'd with the Tenters?
Ye Saints, that oft have heard me bawl
At *Pimmers* and at *Salters-Hall*,
Have in *Old-Jewry* seen my *Whites*
Rais'd by the rising of the Lights;
And in *Hand-Alley* wept and wail'd,
When I against the Church have rail'd;
Have styl'd its Members, *English Turks*,
And curs'd them for your *Spoons* and *Forks*.

Out with your Swords each Mother's Son,
To stop invading *Babylon*;
With *Edge-Hill* Musquets brain that Whore,
And Basket-Hilts from *Marston-Moor*.
Else, how revers'd will be our State?
How the Elect call'd Reprobate?

That

Or, *The* Swedish INVASION. 7

To Arms, to Arms; preserve our Lives,
And to our Guidance leave your Wives,
That we may teach 'em in their Houses,
How to reward their warlike Spouses;
Their carnal Heats to quench at need,
And be before-hand with the *Swede*,
Since it's as plain as Nose in Face,
Should *Pow'r* be too hard for *Grace*,
Grace must of Course to *Pow'r* submit,
And forfeited *Dominion* quit,
'Cause Government in *Pow'r* be founded,
And not in *Grace*, as I've expounded.

Nay, then 'tis plain, quoth Independent,
If *Sweden's* Plaintiff, I'm Defendant,
To join, rejoin, and make Demur
Against her Plea with Presbyter:

Since

8 *The Gottenburgh Frolick:*

Nor shall my Brethren sit like Blockheads,
With Hands committed to their Pockets,
Since we're a sort of Church-Dragoons,
Can serve for Horse and Foot at once :
Tho' we esteem all other Sects,
As Maggots of corrupted Texts ;
And hold Presbytery, to translate
The Papacy to a freer State,
A Common-wealth of Popery,
Where every Village is a See,
As well as Rome, and must maintain
A Tythe-Pig Metropolitan,
Where, every Presbyter and Deacon
Commands the Keys for Cheese and Bacon,
And ev'ry Hamlet's governed
By's Holiness the Church's Head,
More haughty and severe in's Place
Than GREGORY or BONIFACE.

O!

Or, The Swedish INVASION. 9

O! My dear Flock to whom's reveal'd
What from all others is conceal'd;
Who by new Lights and Prophecies
Foretel what Changes must arise,
And can Futurity disclose,
Not thro' the Eye, but thro' the Nose,
With smart Remarks of leering Faces,
And Annotations of Grimaces,
As that loud Organ Pipe conveys
Most scientifick Beams and Rays,
To guide us throughout dark Recesses
Of Suppositions, and of GuesSES,
And give us Visionary Schemes
Projected by our Foes in Dreams.

The Spirit gives me certain Notice
Sweden from England not remote is,

G

And

10 *The Gottenburgh Frolick*

And that her rambling King has got Land

Not three Days Voyage off from *Scotland*:

Besides poor *Ireland* to her Cost

Has once been likely to be lost,

Since some to *Limrick* knows the Way,

And how to ride in *Bantry* Bay,

In *Munster* how to make a foul stir

And play ten Thousand Dev'ls in *Ulster*.

And we from Speech of * Peers may see

What once has been again may be.

Heavn's grant, I pray, that no Massacres

Fall upon *Waterford* Pains-takers,

That *Londonderry's* Town, with her Men

May not be pester'd with these Vermin;

And since no Poison it will bear

May *Rome's* curs'd Venom ne'er lodge there;

For

* The late Lord Haverham.

: *Or, The Swedish INVASION.* 211

For it appears with all our Reading
 That *Rome* has taken Part with *Sweden*,
 And her sage Pontiff ope's his Purse
 To pay 'em for their Foot and Horse,
 To buy them Ships the Lords knows where,
 And build them Castles in the Air,
 That shall scour thro' Religions Fences
 And fill up Independent Trenches;
 To level all the Works we've thrown
 Up, to bre't *Calvin's* Bulwark's down
 For if once Pop'ry should get Footing
 Presbytery would have deeper Rooting;
 The Priest her many Heads would brandish,
 And breathe about her Plagues, Outlandish!
 Because in good *Queen Basse's* Reign
 Those Puritan's were leagu'd with *Spain*,
 To bring her grand *Armada* in,
 And introduce the Man of Sin;

112 *The Gottenburgh Frolick :*

Reduce the Church to Gospel Order,
By Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murder,
By Synods, Elders, Constitutions,
Church-Censures, Curses, Absolutions;
By Discipline and Rules Coercive,
Of Independency subversive :
Rather than which admit, I'd be
A Slave to his *Czarish* Majesty ;
Would *Laws Mahometan* embrace,
Or with *Jews* Eastward turn my Face,
With *Persians* Worship Solar Light,
Or ev'n the Devil, than lose my Right ;
Since to be circumscrib'd with Laws,
Wholly destroy the *Good Old Cause*,
Turns all our Tenets out of Doors,
Not let's us live on equal Scores,
As it perverts the Toleration,
And keeps us from th' Administration :

And thus the Frolick ends

For

Or, The Swedish Invasion. 413

For tho' our Doctrines won't admit
Saints should be reign'd with Curb or Bit,
And 'tis in Holy Text forbidden
That chosen Vessels should be ridden,
The Carnal Proverb's on our side,
Set us on Horseback and we'll ride.

True, says a Sect'ry near a * Kim,
We that are *out*, hate those are *in*,
An Office in *itself* is good,
Bad when the Incumbent's understood;
For when by *Sinner* it's possess'd,
Nor *one*, nor *other*, stands the *Test*,
And big with a pretended Call
From Cellar, Garret, or from Stall
With Face distorted silence breaks,
Winking at every Word he speaks,
That

* Anabaptist.

114 The Gottenburgh Frolick:

That one might think his Eyes and Tongue
On the same moving Organ hung;

And his Holiness

- ‘ Dear Babes of Grace, whom Teachers fond
- ‘ Have dipp’d in River, Pool or Pond;
- ‘ Have more than sprinkled with some Scat-
(terings
- ‘ Of Belfry-Men’s Baptifmal Waterings;
- ‘ Plung’d over Eyes, Nose, Ears, and Chin,
- ‘ To wash away the Man of Sin;
- ‘ And cool that Itching in our Tails,
- ‘ Which o’er either Sex prevails;
- ‘ Hear, what the Spirit could infuse;
- ‘ While I was cobbling fractur’d Shoes,
- ‘ The Breaches healing, and repairing
- ‘ Of Soles that were the worfe for wearing,
- ‘ And stitching Schismatics together,
- ‘ In Upper and in under Leather.

‘ Tho’

Or, **The Swedish INVASION.** T 15

As they have shown Us, they can do
‘ Tho’ I in Part, am bound t’ approve,
‘ What he that spoke last’s pleas’d to move,
‘ And hold with him no Good is meant;
‘ By those that love Church-Government;
‘ Yet some Conjectures must gain-say
‘ Not brought from Reason, but from Fancy;
‘ Such as his Fears for *Scottish Kirk*,
‘ Or finding the wild *Irish Work*.
‘ No, no, Apocalyptick Sense
‘ Tell’s me no Grounds of Fear from thence.
‘ Nor has *South Britain* Room to doubt
‘ The Business *Sweden* goes about.
‘ Her Fleets are by Experience taught
‘ Ne’er to come here, unless there brought;
‘ Unless we make them steer their Course,
‘ And drive them to *Spit-head* by Force,
‘ As

16 *The Gottenburgh Frolick:*

- ‘ As they have shewn Us, they can do
- ‘ By our wrong’d Merchants not a few.
- ‘ *Holland’s* the Place on which they’d Touch
- ‘ Oh! For our Good Allies the *Dutch*
- ‘ Who of their *Gorts* have made a seizure,
- ‘ And thereby ventur’d their Displeasure:
- ‘ Those pious Neighbours, that have snatch’d us
- ‘ From the Perfidious would have catch’d us,
- ‘ Had Priests continued Mischiefs brewing,
- ‘ or meditating for their Ruine,
- ‘ Not but I find the States are safe
- ‘ As well as *Isaac Bingerstaff*
- ‘ And without Help of *Astrolabe*,
- ‘ Or Tail of Dog, or Claws of Crab,
- ‘ Forsee them arm’d and well prepar’d
- ‘ To be of all sides on their Guard;
- ‘ But would excite you Tooth and Nail,
- ‘ To meet the *Swedes* when under Sail:

‘ And

Or, *The* Swedish INVASION. 17

- ‘ And as when *Zerxes* lost his Shipping,
- ‘ He storm’d, and gave the Seas a Whipping;
- ‘ Let us most certain to succeed,
- ‘ Not Whip the Seas, but Whip the *Swede*;
- ‘ Join with our Neighbour to set Free,
- ‘ The Channel and the *Zurick* Sea;
- ‘ Sink ’em till they’re as dead as Herrings,
- ‘ And maul them for their Privateerings,
- ‘ Since its enjoyn’d, by Gospel Order,
- ‘ To make Men Converts, tho’ by Murder;
- ‘ And when they’re driv’n on Rocks and Shelves,
- ‘ They may be Christians like our selves;
- ‘ Since to be drown’d is to be dipp’d,
- ‘ As says bold Schoolmen eclyp’d,
- ‘ And prove by Ratiocination,
- ‘ We must go downward to Salvation;
- ‘ Mount, by *descending*, to the Skies,
- ‘ And upwards by declining rise :

18 *The Gottenburgh Frolick:*

‘ For’t’s plain, as fix and one makes seven,

‘ None but by Water go to Heav’n,

He spoke, when Yea and Nay appear’d

With Hound’s-Head and picked Beard;

With aged Ignorance furrounded,

And Obstinacy deeply ground;

So fix’d in his corrupted Nature,

’Twould baffle an Eradicator,

Friends, said the Mortal in a Tone,

Resembling an expiring Groan,

O Friends! that carnal Weapons sway,

To fight our Battles while we pray;

While we, full fraught with inward Light,

Declare what’s hidden from your sight,

Satan’s let loose I plainly see,

’Tis evident the Fiend is free;

Needless

Or, *The Swedish INVASION.* 19

*The Tempter is enlarg'd, and haunts
Us with Baptifimal Covenants :
Else why this laying down for Law,
What's false and meer Apocrypha ?
Why into Errors are we slipping,
Misled by Sprinkling and by Dipping ?
That outward Sign's a certain Token,
The Lanthorn of the Spirit's broken ;
And Wind of Doctrines, which we handle,
Has wickedly blown out the Candle :
Or, ye would ne'r be thus benighted,
While we with Truth's Sun-beams are lighted :
For it appears from Fox and Naylor,
That Antichrist will never sail here ;
For it's a pestilential Air
Would make him more a Dev'l appear ;
And, he has set his Brains at work
To gain New-England and New-York,*

Thro'

20 *The Gottenburgh Frolick:*

Thro' Pensilvanian-Trails to range,
 And give our Friends the Popish Mange;
 Pervert our Sisters, and seduce
 Our Brethren for the Tempter's Use.
 There, there's the Place to which he's bound,
 He licks his Lips for holy Ground;
 Thirsts after all our Goods and Chattels,
 And thus equips himself for Battles.
 Woe's me! my very Spirit faints
 At Storms are gathering o'er the Saints,
 And the whole Inward Man's agast;
 Lest Heathens lay God's Vineyard wast;
 Lest Israel before Gath should fall,
 And Men of Judah bow to Baal.
 Ah, Friends! how I lament and wail 'em,
 Who've their abiding Place in *Salem!

A Town in Pensilvania.

How

Or, The Swedish INVASION. 21

How do my Eyes run down with Water,
To think of fierce Dragoons and Slaughter,
Of Persecution, Sword and Gun,
And of old Satan's eldest Son,
That threatens us with Missionaries,
From Courtray, Doway, and from Paris,
And squints at Philadelphia's Climate,
As at new Bribes a Polish Primate.

What tho' 'tis affirm'd in Word that's written,
That when one Cheek is soundly smitten,
The Passive Saint should turn the other,
To be Partaker with it's Brother,
To share, and share alike, and willing
They both should have a Fellow-feeling?
We for our Cheeks are then enjoind
Not to repay them in their Kind,
Or Drub th' Aggressors in their Turn,
Cause we in our's their Stripes have bern,

But

But

22 The Gottenburgh Frolick!

*But when Estates are struck at, and
 Bullies would beat us out of Land,
 No Portion of the Word makes mention
 Of Non-resisting such Intention,
 But actually commands us, then
 To rise, and shew our selves like Men;
 To gird our Loins with one Accord,
 And fight the Battels of the Lord,
 Since rescuing God's Elect from thence,
 Is saving God's Inheritance,
 For what Heav'n gives us, is it's own,
 And should be dispossest'd by none,
 But such as are immediate Heirs
 Of Promises, of Gifts, and Pray'ers;
 Heirs in a Spiritual Construction
 'Thout Institution and Induction,
 Terms which th' Ungodly and Profane
 Use, a right Title to explain,*

But

Or, *The Swedish INVASION.* 23

*Needless to us since our Command
Is, Hither and possess the Land ;
And Israelites, and we're the same
In Principles, though not in Name
And all Mankind affirm it true,
A Quaker's not unlike a Jew,
Since both on the same Key do strike,
And hold the Christian Faith alike.*

*At this a Person fam'd for Tricking,
Now in the Tower for Politicking
For undermining those that made him,
And elbowing out the * Purse that pay'd him,
Pretending that he knew th' Intreague
Better than † Valiere or than Gregg.
But neither Side would give him Hearing,
Some Trick, as all had Reason, fearing,*

* Late Earl of Godolphin.

† Two Correspondents with France:

Since

24 The Gottenburgh Frolick.

Since all Sides he alike had serv'd,
 And turn'd to all, from all had serv'd:
 Whether he wore a Church-man's Face,
 To get himself into a Place,
 Or when possess'd of with'd for Station,
 He cloath'd himself with Moderation,
 And to be gracious in *Welsh* Eyes
 Gave about * *Baxter's* Legacies:
 But he was whisper'd in the Ear,
 That they'd too many Turn-Coats there,
 Men who like crafty *Janus*, wore
 Their *Hind-Face* very oft before,
 And with the smallest Change of Wind,
 Bring what was brought before, behind,
 Wherefore they bid him spare his Breath,
 And keep his Tongue within his Teeth,

* One of *Baxter's* Executors.

Or, *The* Swedish INVASION. 25

Since 'twas not in their Pow'r to let him
Out from the Warders, who beset him.

When *Church of England* Man drew nigh,
And look'd around with pitying Eye,
Sorrowing to see them in the wrong,
Speak what came uppermost to Tongue;
As every different Mother's Son
Was for himself, and saving One,
Without Regard to better Objects,
Both as Christians, and as Subjects,
Attempted thus to set 'em right,
And give Affairs their proper Light.

' Brethren for whom Church-Bowels yearn,
' Whose Welfare still is her Concern,
' And whose Defection makes her shed
' Tears from the Fountain of her Head;

E

Why

26 *The Gottenburgh FROLICK:*

- ‘ Why for your selves this mighty stir,
- ‘ Without one tender Thought of her ;
- ‘ Need she not, cause she’s out of Danger
- ‘ From Foe Domestick, fear a Stranger ?
- ‘ Or is she safe from Wiles of Rome,
- ‘ Because she’s voted *safe* at Home ?
- ‘ For shame, your Brains of Heat divest,
- ‘ Let cool Advice inform your Breast ;
- ‘ Don’t still continue to agree,
- ‘ The Pope should rather rule than she !
- ‘ Since as we breathe one common Air,
- ‘ Our common Safety claims our Care,
- ‘ And you, that Peace, and Union teach,
- ‘ Should always practise what you Preach.

- ‘ Not that I join with either Sect,
- ‘ In Schemes they separately project ;

‘ Nor

Or, *The Swedish INVASION.* 27

- ‘ Nor with you, *Presbyter*, conform,
- ‘ To think you’r threatned with a Storm ;
- ‘ Or that your *Independency*
- ‘ Will suffer by Descents from Sea :
- ‘ Neither that *Anabaptist* Flocks
- ‘ Should dread b’ing plunder’d of their Stocks ;
- ‘ Or *Quaker* take up Arms impure,
- ‘ Since *Pensilvania*’ll be secure :
- ‘ For either I have no Pretence
- ‘ And Claim to such a Thing as Sense,
- ‘ Or this Sea Armament is made,
- ‘ *Livonia*’s Province to invade ;
- ‘ *Sweden*’s lost Sea-Ports to regain
- ‘ And drive the *Russians* from the Main ;
- ‘ Or else these Landmen and these Seamen
- ‘ May set out to recover *Bremen*,
- ‘ If well arm’d *Hanoverian* Bands
- ‘ Will give it back into their Hands,
- ‘ Which

28 *The Gottenburgh FROLICK :*

‘ Which they will difficultly do,
‘ If what is said of them be true.
‘ ’Tis also not unlike, they’r Bound
‘ For *Zealand’s* Isle within the Sound,
‘ There to be quits with, hit or miss it,
‘ The *Dane*, for his late *Schonen’s* Visit,
‘ And make Reprizals on his Coast
‘ For what they on their own have lost,
‘ Though they perhaps themselves deceive,
‘ And * *Gabel* will not give them leave.

‘ But to imagine they will dare
‘ Come within smell of *British Air*,
‘ Is such a whimsical Adventure
‘ As into no Man’s Head can enter ;
‘ But theirs, whose Hopes or Fears suggest
‘ Fond empty Visions in her Breast ;

* *The Danish Admiral.*

‘ For

Or, The Swedish INVASION. 29

‘ Fond empty Visions in their Breast ;
‘ These like Men drowning catch at Straws,
‘ And these less blam’d for their *Chimæras*,
‘ There tremble where no Ground for Fear is.
‘ The King God bless him for his Care,
‘ Has made it very plain appear
‘ They’ll find a sorry Welcome here ;
‘ Tho’ he, good Prince has’t more at Heart
‘ Subjects from Duty should depart,
‘ Themselves seditiously perplex,
‘ And run the Hazard of their Necks ;
‘ Than any Danger he can see
‘ From so despis’d an Enemy ;
‘ Since neither Men nor Money’s lacking
‘ To send his Enemies a-packing,
‘ Should *Charles* of *Sweden* tempt his Doom,
‘ And sail so many Leagues from Home.
‘ What

30 *The Gottenburgh FROLICK :*

- ‘ What if that Prince’s Court takes Post
- ‘ And makes a Journey to the Coast!?’
- ‘ What if all Hands are hard at Work,
- ‘ And this late Tenant to the Turk,
- ‘ Equips his Ships at Gottenborough
- ‘ All upon Tick, to’s People’s Sorrow,
- ‘ But such as furnish’d out from hence
- ‘ By poor deluded Bigots Pence,
- ‘ See ready Forces to convey
- ‘ On Board the quite contrary Way ;
- ‘ Must the Design of this their Rout
- ‘ Be Revolts here to bring about,
- ‘ And to subvert the *British* State?
- ‘ A Work scarce in the Power of Fate !
- ‘ Mistake not, that the *Swedes* are lie
- ‘ May be perceiv’d with half an Eye,

And

Or, *The Swedish INVASION.* 31

‘ And to strike Home th’intended Blow

‘ *Look one Way, but another Row.*

‘ Rather let *Bing* to *Denmark* fail,

‘ And take the first propitious Gale,

‘ To keep a Monarch that’s distress’d,

‘ True to the Common Interest ;

‘ To secure *Frederick* on a Throne

‘ That mayn’t, without us, be his own.

‘ But groundles Jealousies arise

‘ As some will see, with others Eyes ;

‘ Raise Scruples about Velvet Beds

‘ With Crowns and Scepters at their Heads ;

‘ Rich Furniture and fit for Landing,

‘ That in *Swede*’s Admiral is standing,

‘ Up to the Winds these Tales surrender,

‘ Can none lie soft but the *Pretender* ?

And

32 *The Gottenburgh FROLICK:*

‘ And on Down Pillows place his Head,

‘ But he that almost begs his Bread,

‘ And now is actually on the Strole

‘ Quite opposite the Northern Pole.

‘ Besides, suppose the Story true,

‘ And that their Ships are thirty two,

‘ Full freighted with ten Thousand Men?

‘ Nay, we will grant another ten!

‘ Can these endamage *Britain's* Shore?

‘ What's thirty two to thirty four,

‘ To thrice the Number when we please,

‘ Able to blow 'em out o' th' Seas,

‘ To make those Blusterers Hearts to ake,

‘ And into their own Harbours sneak.

‘ But I these Preparations scan ill,

‘ If they're directed to our Channel:

‘ However,

Or, *The Swedish* INVASION. 33

‘ Howe’er, whilst others watch their Motion,
‘ Or thro’ the narrow Seas or Ocean,
‘ Dare them to Fight, they dare not stand,
‘ And push them from the expected Land: !
‘ May *Bing* his Canvas Wings display,
‘ The Fears for *Zealand* to allay,
‘ And through the *Sound*’s rough Surges ride,
‘ Born swiftly by the Wind and Tide,
‘ To scatter Troops that may engage in,
‘ The Siege of threatn’d *Copenhagen*;
‘ And give fresh Courage to a Prince,
‘ That merits *England*’s sure Defence.

‘ So when fam’d *Perseus* tow’ring saw
‘ The poor distress’d *Andromeda*,
‘ With Rage collected at the sight
‘ Downwards he took his hasty Flight,

34 *The Gottenburgh Frolick, &c.*

‘ And by a swift Arrival freed

‘ The Virgin chain’d on Rocks to bleed,

‘ As for his Prey the Monster strove

‘ And she that was all FEAR, became all LOVE.

‘ May King his Canvass Wings display

‘ The Heav’ns for Zeal and to stay

~~‘ And through the Clouds a rough Gang ride~~

‘ Born swiftly by the Wind and Tide

‘ To scatter Troops that may engage in

‘ The Siege of **SLINS**

‘ And give fresh Courage to a Prince

‘ That merits England’s late Defence.

